

LEGION OF X

MARVEL

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003

SPURRIER
BAZALDUA
BLEE



MARVEL
COMICS



SILVER SURFER REBIRTH

3
MAY

APPROVED
BY THE
MARVEL
COMICS
MEA
AUTHORITY



*Don Ho
D'HO
ISRAEL
SILVA*

MARVEL

RON MARZ
RON LIM
DON HO
ISRAEL SILVA

Krakoa.

Arbitrix.

I have accessed Krakoaan *surveillance* files. I regret to report *nothing* of value was revealed.

If the fugitive god is here, nobody is *speaking* of it.

The Station,
inside the Altar.

"These people, ma'am...they're preoccupied with *banalities*. Romances, cultures, comforts...

What else?...
Ah, if you run into Banshee, direct him to counselor *Birdy*, ja? Nobody's seen him since yesterday.

And don't forget our V.I.P. *guest* is coming--
Pixie will play chaperone.

"Maybe that's the *difference*, Arbitrix? Where we Arakkii have been sculpted by *survival*--where we measure *peace* by our readiness for *war*--

All right, all right, here he comes. Everyone step back.

--they simply live.

"Does that make them *weak*? Blind to the *predators* in their midst? I am not so sure...

Welcome to Krakoa, sir. It's been too long. And, uh--sorry about the crowd.

Hrrh...
It's really him...

Word got out.

ONCE, I WAS MERELY A MAN.
NO ONE AND NOTHING SPECIAL,
UNREMARKABLE SAVE THAT I
WAS LOVED BY SHALLA-BAL.



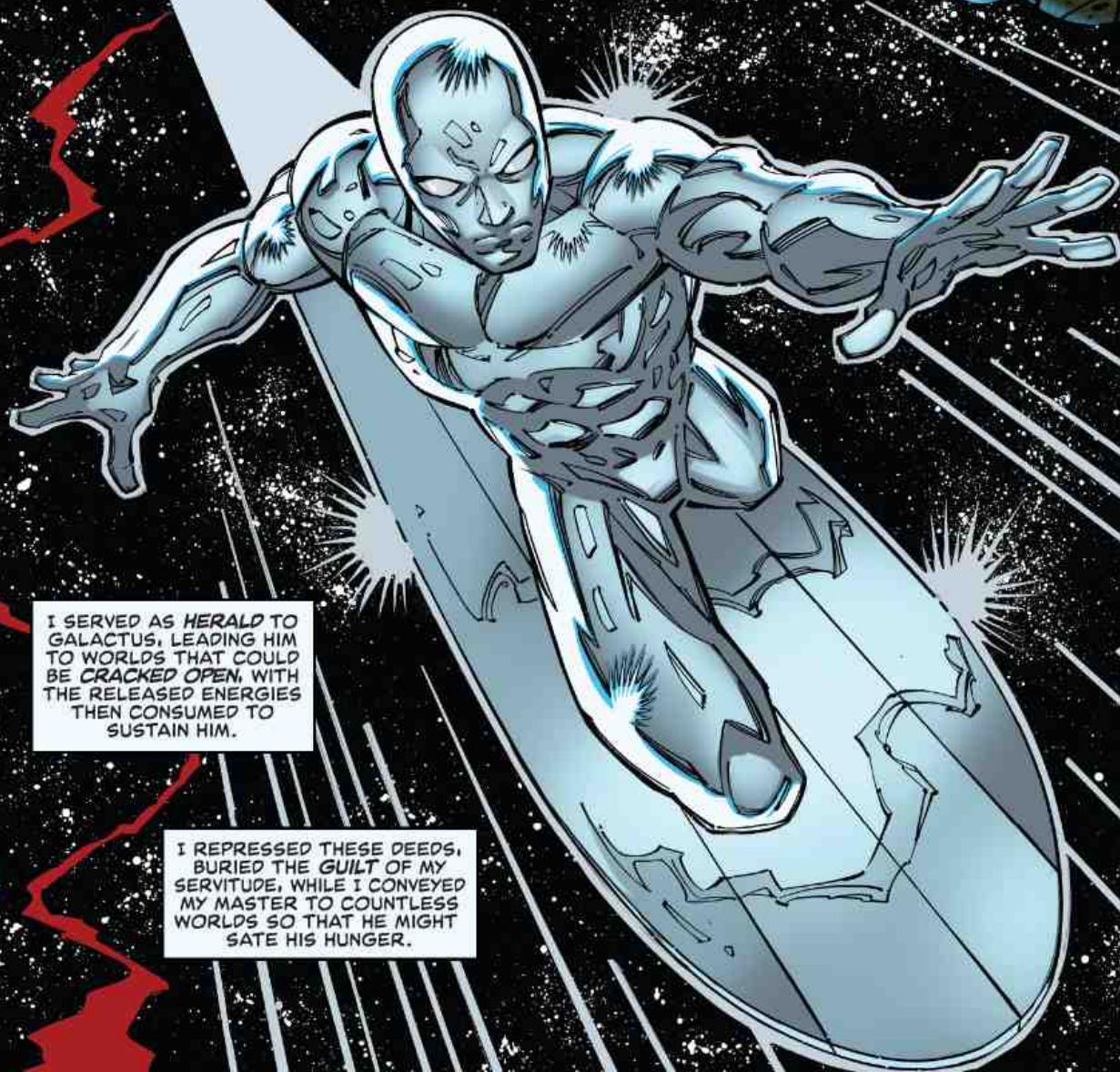
AND THEN A GOD DESCENDED
UPON OUR WORLD, INTENDING
TO CONSUME IT. SO IN ORDER
TO HAVE ZENN-LA SPARED...



...I AGREED TO SERVE
GALACTUS, AND WAS
TRANSFORMED BY THE
POWER COSMIC.



I BECAME THE
SILVER SURFER.



I SERVED AS HERALD TO
GALACTUS, LEADING HIM
TO WORLDS THAT COULD
BE CRACKED OPEN, WITH
THE RELEASED ENERGIES
THEN CONSUMED TO
SUSTAIN HIM.

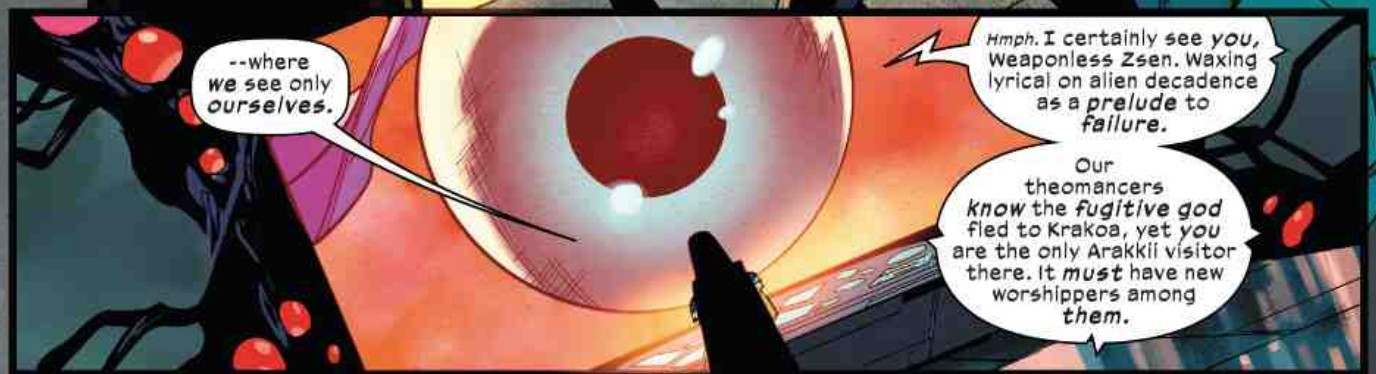
I REPRESSED THESE DEEDS,
BURIED THE GUILT OF MY
SERVITUDE, WHILE I CONVEYED
MY MASTER TO COUNTLESS
WORLDS SO THAT HE MIGHT
SATE HIS HUNGER.



It's not every day Doctor Strange drops by.

Uhhh...

"In fact, Arbitrix, it seems to me that a people who obsess over *connections* enjoy a *thousand powerful eyes* watching their backs--"



--where we see only ourselves.

Hmph. I certainly see you, Weaponless Zsen. Waxing lyrical on alien decadence as a *prelude to failure*.

Our theomancers know the *fugitive god* fled to Krakoa, yet you are the only Arakkii visitor there. It *must* have new worshippers among *them*.



"Y-yes, ma'am, but...whereas it would seem *simple* to detect the *changes in behavior* that speak to *cult worship*...

Switch... heh...and switch again...

"...eccentric modes of thought are the *norm* among these people."



So you concede your *ineptitude*? You quit?

Never, Arbitrix. Perhaps if I knew more about the god's worshippers *before* it fled Arakko, I could build a *profile*, and--

That is *not* pertinent to your inquiry.

You know, I was intending to free you from your *vow of service* after this mission. I know *peacetime* chafes at you.

MIRRODS

UNTIL WE CAME
TO EARTH, AND
FINALLY...

...FINALLY...

...I REBELLED AGAINST
GALACTUS, THROWING
OFF HIS YOKE AND AIDING
THE FANTASTIC FOUR IN
DEFEATING HIM.

IN THE TIME SINCE, I HAVE
BOTH BEEN MAROONED ON
EARTH, AND EXPLORED
THE FARTHEST REACHES
OF THE COSMOS.

BUT NOW, REALITY
ITSELF HAS BECOME
THE PLAYTHING OF AN
UNKNOWN OPPONENT.

I FIND MYSELF ONCE AGAIN
IN SERVICE TO MY FORMER
MASTER, AS HE PREPARES
TO REND ASUNDER YET
ANOTHER WORLD.

HIS HUNGER
KNOWS NO END...

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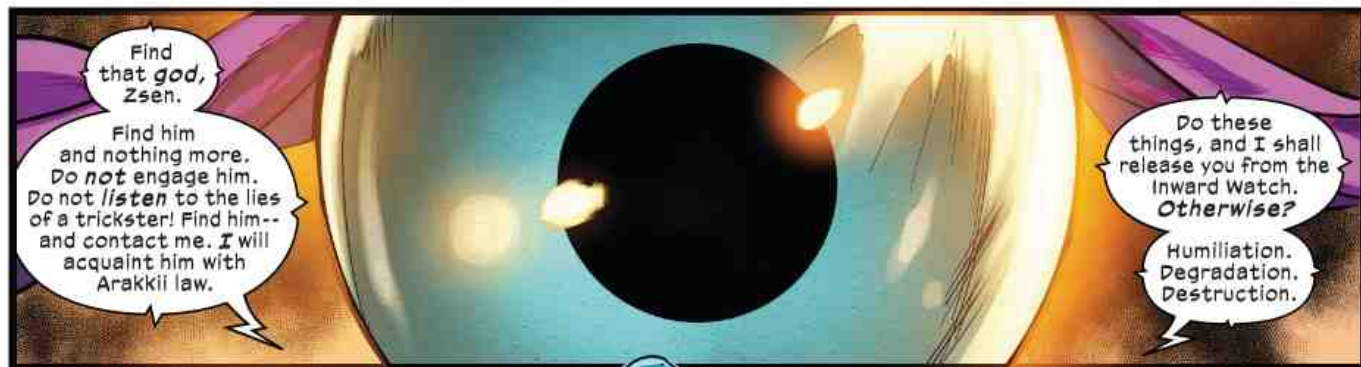
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"I daresay you yearn to join one of the **mercenary bands** leaving Arakko--with all the **other** war addicts who can't adapt."

I will be away on a mission today. You must decide your own duties. Remember: The **Spark** compels us to think **creatively**.

Do some **good**, Legionnaires. **Fall out.**



Find that **god**, Zsen.

Find him and nothing more. Do **not** engage him. Do not **listen** to the lies of a trickster! Find him--and contact me. I will acquaint him with Arakkii law.

Do these things, and I shall release you from the Inward Watch. **Otherwise?**

Humiliation. Degradation. Destruction.



"I shall see to it myself."

The Beach,
liminal boundary of
the Astral Plane and
the Altar.

Nightcrawler. I received your note. You're certain this will **work?**

Certain? **Ha, nein--** of course not.



But spying on **X-Force** got you nowhere. Gods and spirits are the stuff of the **astral plane**--perhaps there are answers out **there?**

We might even have **fun**.

The daft wee bugger's been **itchin'** for an excuse to go buckle his bloody swash out there.

Hush now, David. You will stay **here**, yes? Sorry. There are those who **need** you.

Zsen, Kurt? I can **guide** you, but...you must stay **close**. Mm, **Ideaspace** is a sea of wonders, but...like **any** ocean?

...AND I AM AGAIN
IN HIS THRALL.

THIS MEAGER
WORLD WILL NOT
BE NEARLY ENOUGH
TO SATE ME,
HERALD.

BUSY YOURSELF
FINDING ANOTHER
NEARBY.

I WILL NOT
BE A PARTY
TO SERVING
YOUR HUNGER,
GALACTUS...

...IN THIS
REALITY OR
ANY OTHER.

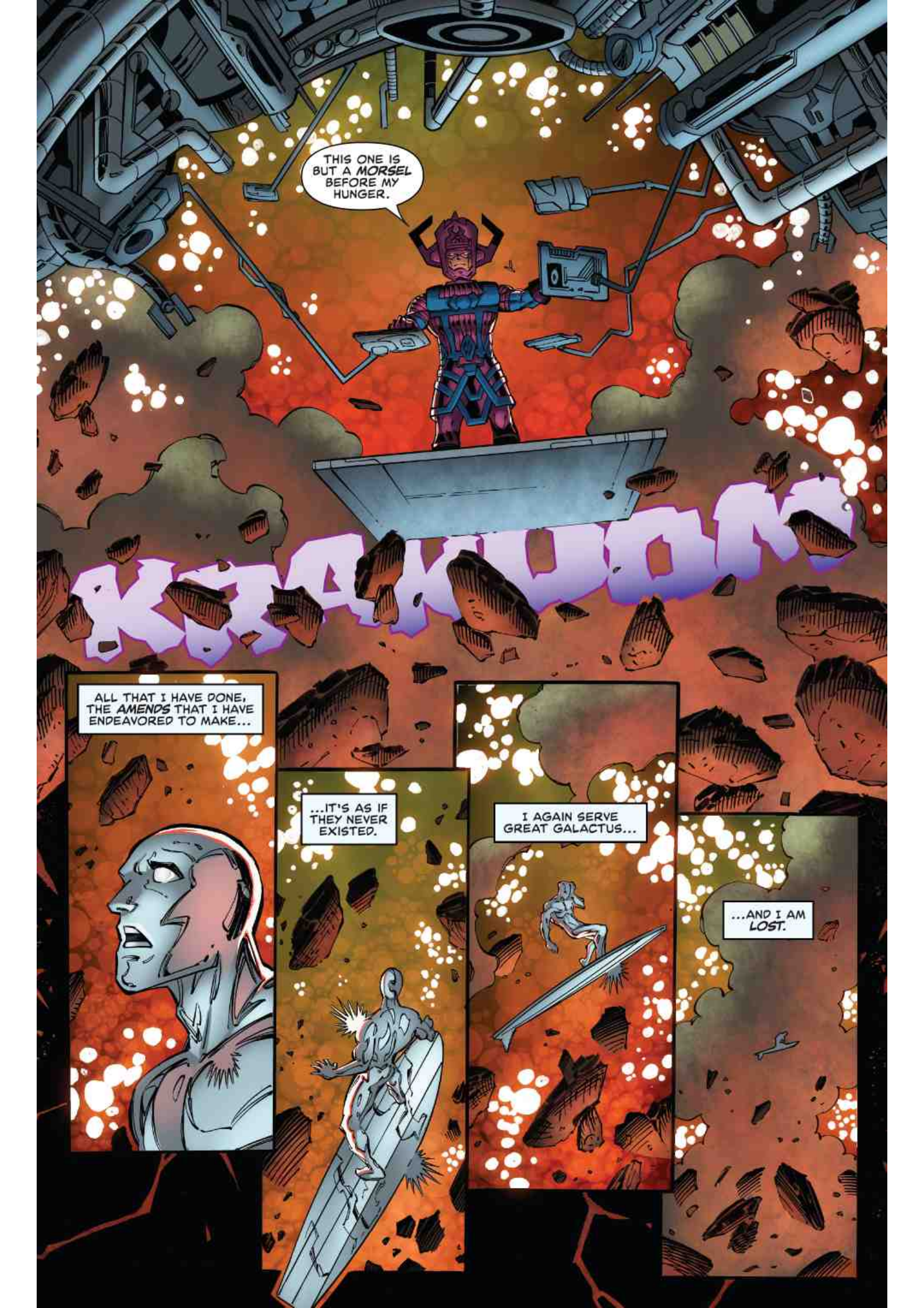
NEED I REMIND YOU OF
YOUR VOW? YOUR
BELOVED ZENN-LA
LIVES BECAUSE
YOU SERVE...

...AND
THAT SERVICE
DEMANDS YOU
SEEK ANOTHER
WORLD.

TEK

There is
darkness
in
the depths.





THIS ONE IS
BUT A MORSEL
BEFORE MY
HUNGER.

ALL THAT I HAVE DONE,
THE AMENDS THAT I HAVE
ENDEAVORED TO MAKE...

...IT'S AS IF
THEY NEVER
EXISTED.

I AGAIN SERVE
GREAT GALACTUS...

...AND I AM
LOST.



Ha! MINE!

With these artful hands, I-- Devon Alomar! The mighty SWITCH!--shall burn my name onto the stars, and-- and--



Wait.

Why can't I move these artful hands?



Wh-- what's--?

Got you, you body-stealing @!%&.



Juggernaut?

Uh...~~sniff~~ c-call me...call me Cain, kid. Or-- y'know--Uncle. If you like. Unckie C. Whatever.

You...you got a second? I, uh.



I think I might be broken.

ELSEWHERE...

I ASKED
IF YOU'RE
PLEASED TO
SEE ME.

ANSWER
ME, FATHER.

NEBULA.

WHAT
IS THIS
PLACE?

A SCRAP
OF ROCK IN THE
COSMOS. THE
NAME DOESN'T
MATTER.

MERELY
SOMEWHERE FOR
ME TO GATHER MY
ARMY AND MAKE MY
PLANS OF CONQUEST.
SOON THE UNIVERSE
WILL FEEL MY
WRATH.

BUT
NOW YOU
ARRIVE HERE
FOR REASONS
UNCLEAR
TO ME.

I AM NO
MORE PLEASED
TO BE HERE THAN
YOU ARE TO HAVE
ME HERE.



LEGION OF X

SKINNY-DIPPING FOR THE BRAIN

To forge a new type of justice fit for Krakoa, NIGHTCRAWLER has assembled a team of LEGIONNAIRES and built an HQ in THE ALTAR: a bubble-reality contained in the dreaming psyche of LEGION and adjacent to the Astral Plane.

Right now, a skinjacker -- DEVON ALOMAR, A.K.A. Switch -- is body-hopping from mutant to mutant and mutilating them. The Legionnaires had him cornered in BANSHEE's body, but Switch has somehow gained magical abilities that should be far beyond his ken and escaped.

While the Legionnaires hunt for Switch -- along with helping mutants like PAULIE DiCOSTA recover from traumatic life events -- Nightcrawler has a bigger problem. An Arakkii god has gone missing. ORA SERRATA -- A.K.A. the Witness and a member of Arakko's ruling body, the Great Ring -- has commissioned WEAPONLESS ZSEN to track the god alongside Nightcrawler.

And still elsewhere, a mysterious newcomer named MOTHER RIGHTEOUS emerged from the Astral Plane and offered Legion an extraordinary gift -- seemingly the power of a Ghost Rider, along with a vision of a future in which he leads the X-Men in his father's footsteps. When David didn't bite, Righteous turned her uncanny sight to another broken mutant: the vulnerable Banshee...



[NIGHTCRAWLER]



[BANSHEE]



[JUGGERNAUT]



[PIXIE]



[DOCTOR NEMESIS]



[SAGE]



[ORA SERRATA]



[MOTHER RIGHTEOUS]



[LEGION]



[BLINDFOLD]



[FORGETMENOT]



[LOST]



[FABIAN CORTEZ]



[PAULIE DiCOSTA]



[WEAPONLESS ZSEN]



3

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The Altar.

I know it sounds *dumb*. That *Skinjacker* *freak* was only *in* my body for five minutes, but...it felt like forever.

I was...
s-someplace dark.
And cold. Somethin' else
was in there too--
mutterin'.

I can't
stop *thinkin'* about
it. I swear...e-even the
times my *powers* weren't
workin'? I ain't ever
felt so *weak*
before.

So @!%\$@#
helpless.

Mm.

SCRONCH

Listen--no
offense--aren't
you head of the
Professor X fan club
these days? Why not
go to him for
advice?

I did.
He told me
he could just--
ship!--cut out
the memory.
But...uh...

Ah, I see.
First you'd have
to *quit* the Legion,
like he wanted.
Leverage.

"Enjoy
paradise," he
says. "That's why
I *invited* you here.
Peace, relaxation and
picturesque views.
You've *earned*
it."

And what
did you say?

...I... L-look,
sometimes I ain't all
that *smart*, okay? Don't
tell anyone. I get kinda...
flustered.

I told
him I'd *think*
about it.

Uncle Cain,
that is the single
smartest answer
anyone can *ever*
give.

C'mere.
Somethin' to
show you.





Ohhhh...

The singing...it's so beautiful...



Wait...you let the damn wife killer into your hippy hive mind? Ohhhh, I get it--"Only mutants allowed," right? Well--

Any may join the congregation, Mr. Cain.

Despite all our empath's and dreamsmiths, some pain is released only by the simple warmth of belonging.

Here in the Altar, Dust's ability to control billions of granular points can be repurposed as a psychic network.

What's Paulie been sayin', Sooraya?



L-Lisa, my wife, she...she knew the risks.

The first tumor-- i-in her lungs--they could treat that. B-but we knew it'd come back, long as she was around me.

I tried leavin'. I tried bein' cruel. B-b-but she said I was all she wanted. She said we was-- we was co-pilots--that was her thing-- she wanted to fly planes since she was a kid, ha...a-and...and...



...and I was too weak to fly without her.



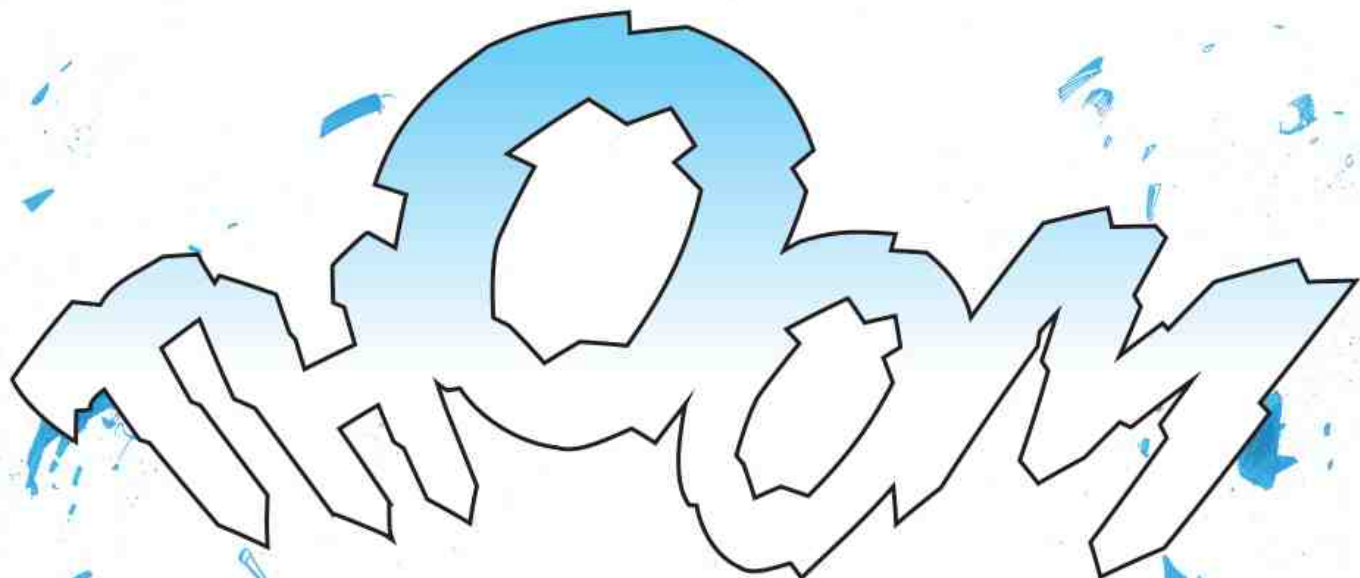
We checked the records. She died in her sleep. Cops blamed him anyway.

Still think he belongs in a jail, partner?

Wh-who're you?

Y'know...I offered to take away his pain, just like Dad did for you. Snip. He told me to f%& off.

There aren't many heroes that brave.



ARE WE
DONE WITH
THIS NOW?



And then there's *this*.

Heh! You think a @+%-#@ reliquary seal's gonna hold me?



That's who stole my body?

Aye. He's basically evil. But--funny thing. He hasn't broken any of Dad's laws. Should we let him go?

You're gloves! You're puppets of skin and sinew! You can't interrogate me!



Please. You think we spent all night spreading fake rumors about a *Doctor Strange* visit just so we could chat with you?

Whatever magic you're using to hide from us, these *runes* let Pixie track it. She's coming for your *real* body, pal.



Listen... Dad's way... it's about control.

He invited you to come live in paradise because he'd rather have *that* than have you causin' trouble out in the world.

To him, big, simple laws mean folks don't have to *think*. If someone's scared or broken, you just--reach in and *yank out* the flaws. Maximum efficiency.

It would never occur to him that helping folks manage their *own* demons might be the sturdier approach. So--



--are you gonna quit, Unckie C?

YOUR
ARMY IS NO
MORE.
LET THAT
BE...



...THE
LAST NEEDLESS
SACRIFICE YOU
MAKE.

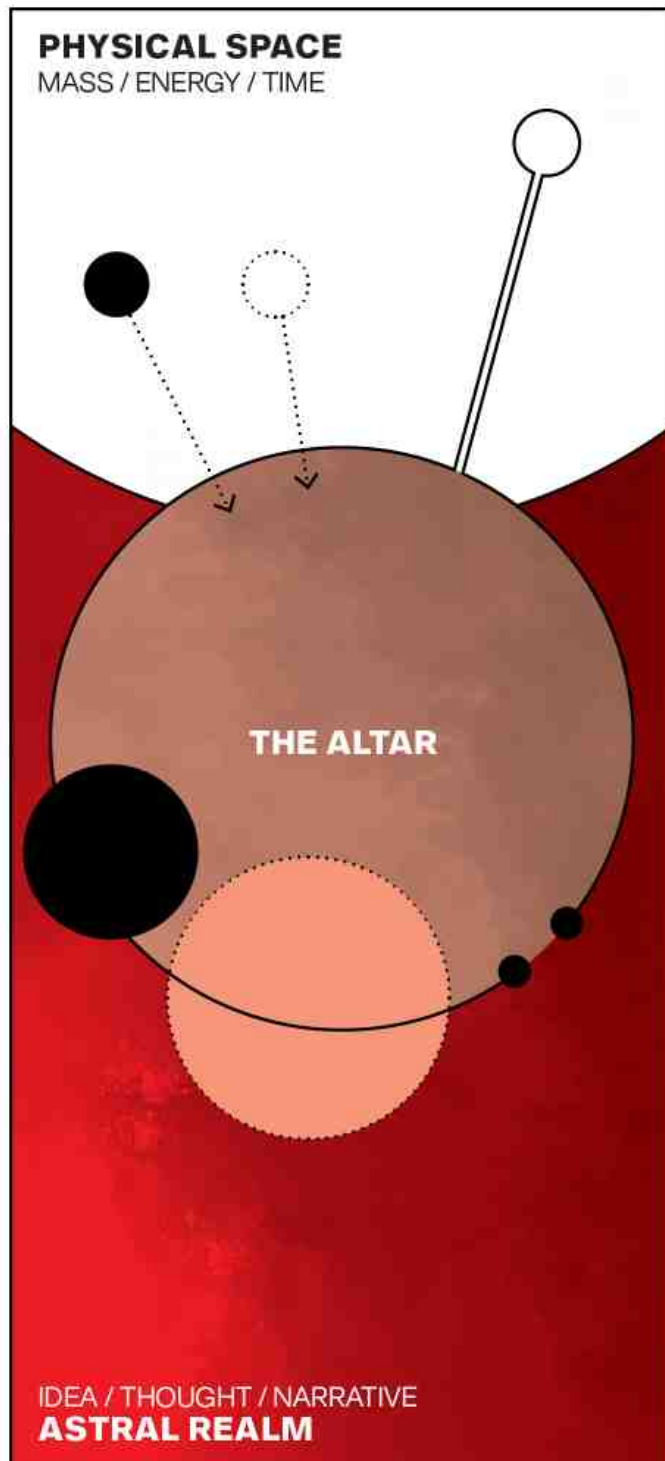


I TOLD
YOU...



[Rel. phys. ast.]
[Alt. 1]

LAYERS OF PSYCHIC REALITY



PHYSICAL SPACE

Conventional spatial laws apply. Any interaction with the astral medium is measurable only in expressions of consciousness and paranature.

LIMINAL RELATIVISTIC CONSTRUCT: "THE ALTAR"

Using his prodigious mental presence as psychic real estate, David Haller (Legion) has created a miniature reality capable of supporting organic life. Physical laws are broadly maintained, albeit on a sliding scale according to Haller's design and whim.

For instance:

- The Altar mimics a fixed point within spatial reality. Authorized teleporters may visit without recourse to standard Krakoaan superpositional gates.
- Centers of gravity would appear to wax and wane directionally as a visitor chooses.
- Heisenbergian states of perception allow violations of standard physical constraints. In lay terms: Matter is subordinate to the mind.
- Per the above, altered forms of consciousness, identity and individuality predominate.

ASTRAL REALM

The Emyrean. A relativistic substrate of Dimension-616. The abstractions of sentient minds are here represented as loci of informational potential within the infinite psychic matrix. [Physical matter cannot endure long without defensive mental technologies.]

[NOTE: It is a point of scholarly contention whether the Astral Realm is a reflection of the Physical Universe or vice versa.]





What
am I *seeing*
here?

It's...yes...
it's the *dreams*
of Krakoa.

The island--
and its people. The
echoes of their *minds*.
Sorry, sorry. It is the
sum total of our
stories, Zsen.

Hrmph. What
a fantastically
poetic way of telling
me nothing. Can we
use it to find the
fugitive god
or not?

I believe
so, *yes*. Sorry.
Sorry. Assuming you
can get *close*
enough.

Close
enough?
What do you
mean,
Ruth?



This place...
It's a **reflecting**
pool for thoughts...
beliefs...
ideas...

But **minds**
are like **magnets**,
yes. The richest iron
lies in **fears** and
fantasies. Yours
will be drawn
to you.

Tt. Tell
me, are **all**
Krakoans incapable
of giving a straight
answ--

FAILURE!

Aaah!

N-Nightcrawler?
Wh-what was--?

Here, take my
hand. You needn't
worry, Zsen. I'm not
going anywhere. I'm
quite at home with
my unconscious
mind.

Indeed.

+Cough+

A-and, uh. F-for
anything more...
existential...



HNN.



I WOULD BE SHUT OF THIS PLACE.



MISTRESS DEATH?

I DID NOT EXPECT YOU HERE. WHY ARE YOU...



...PLEASE, WHAT DO YOU WISH OF ME?



A TRIBUTE, DO YOU SEE? MY GIFT TO YOU.





...I have faith.



Wh-what are--?

LICENTIOUSNESS SITS NOT WITH GODLINESS

LIES

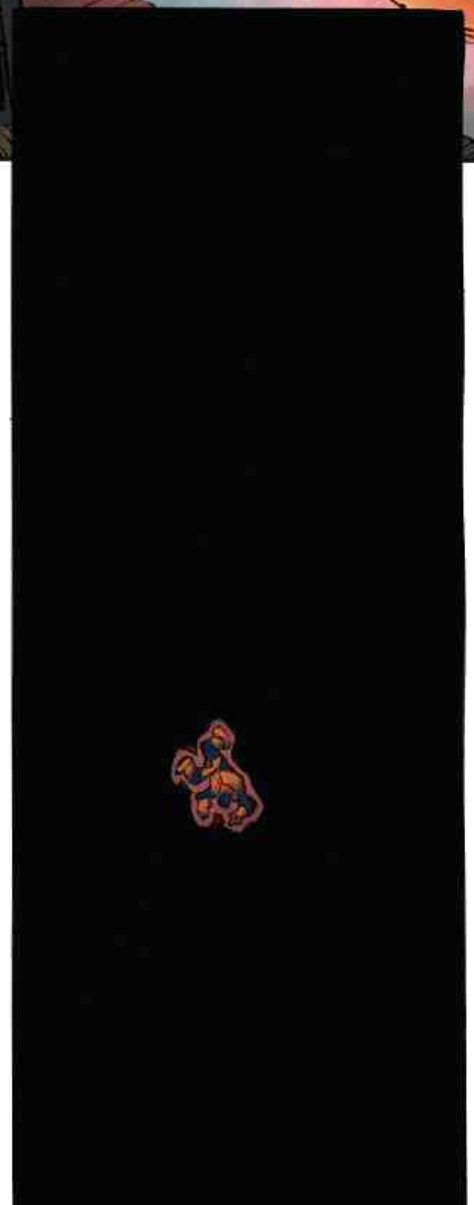
EMPTY EMPTY

SUCH DOUBTS SUCH DOUBTS THAT YOU INVENTED A NEW DOGMA

EVEN A SPARK CANNOT LIGHT A VOID

Kurt! Where's Zsen? You had her hand! yes! Where did sh--?

FIGHT THE EVERWAAAR!





Zsen!
S-snap out
of it! These
are--these are
merely your
fears! You
m--

No.



These are my
fantasies.

Wmph--

Uhm. Guys?
Sorry, sorry.
We made it.
Look.



Wh-what
are those
lights?

It's magic, I
think. Something
is--yes--tweaking
probabilities.
Changing
hearts...

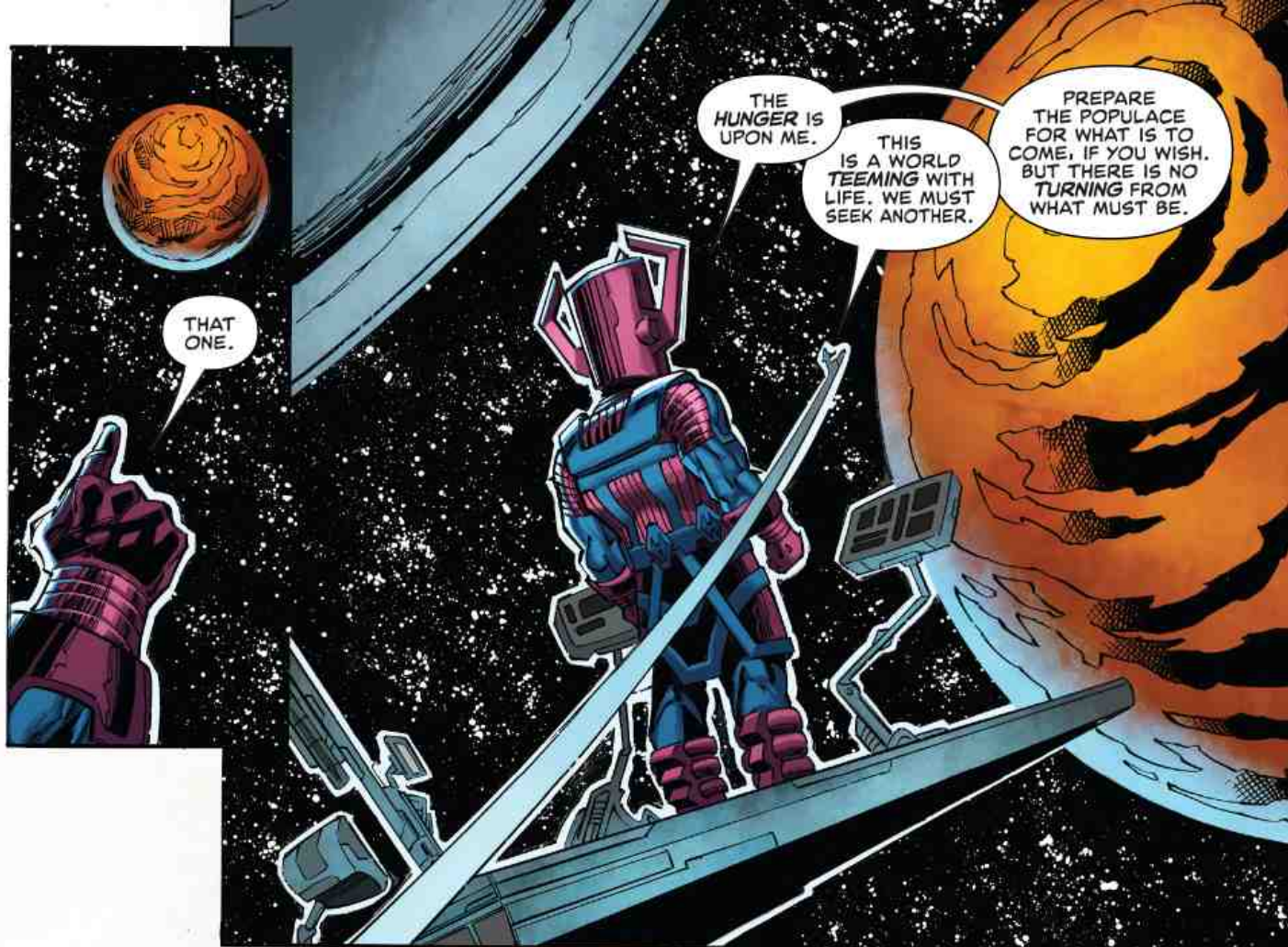
It glowed
when you spoke of
faith, Nightcrawler.
This is the work
of a god.



A god of
mischief. It's--
it's centered around
something. No--no--
someone...

I see
a...hm. A
dagger of
perfect
black...

A dagger?
Mein gott--I
think...I think
that's--



THAT ONE.

THE HUNGER IS UPON ME.

THIS IS A WORLD TEEMING WITH LIFE. WE MUST SEEK ANOTHER.

PREPARE THE POPULACE FOR WHAT IS TO COME, IF YOU WISH. BUT THERE IS NO TURNING FROM WHAT MUST BE.



YOU IGNORE ALL MY ENTREATIES. SO YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE BUT TO STAND AGAINST YOU...



...AND STOP YOU.

YOU DARE DEFEY ME?

I AM **CALECTUS...**



...I AM ABSOLUTE.



...PIXIE...

**YOU
SHALL NOT
PASS!**

Huh.

No offense,
boyo--the *Gandalf*
impression needs some
work. Ask *Magneto* when
he's drunk--honestly,
it's *uncanny*.

Now...
whoever's castin' this
illusion? Listen up: I'm on
Legion business. Trackin' a
perp, see? That means
get out the
bloody w--



SPOCH SPLT PLOP BLAT SPLAT THWT SPLT

AAAHHH!



PLEASE, YOU MUST HEED ME! A GREAT DANGER IS COMING TO YOUR WORLD!



BUT I SWEAR TO YOU, YOU WILL HAVE MY PROTECTION...



...NO MATTER THE COST.



STILL YOU RETURN, HERALD? YOU ARE NOTHING IF NOT RESOLUTE.

BUT YOU ARE INSIGNIFICANT TO MY MIGHT. STAND ASIDE.

I WILL NOT ALLOW THIS WORLD TO BE SACRIFICED ON THE ALTAR OF YOUR HUNGER.

YOU MADE ME AS I AM. YOU IMBUED ME WITH THE POWER COSMIC...

Rrrright.

I don't know *who* you are or what this is *about*, but--bollocks to it! I'm not interested.

If you won't let me *through*, I'll just teleport right 'rou--

SPLATCH

What the...?

L-look, stop **buggerin'** about! It's--it's a living island! There're no **graveyards** here! O-or **dinosaurs**. Or **zombie clowns**.

This is just--shoddy **illusion** powers! I bet these aren't even **solid**!

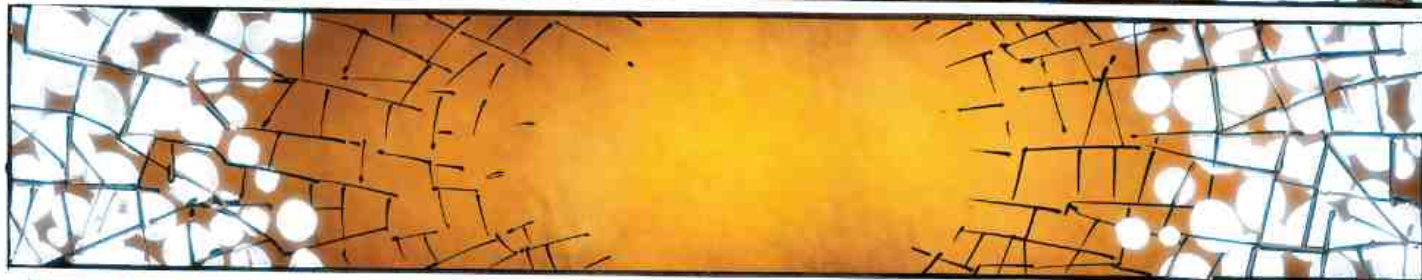
yaaaA!

CLANNEGG

ENOUGH!

I don't have time for this! I'm tracking a **psychic parasite** who's hidin' using **magic**! Which--

Um...wh-which he probably only got in the first place by--by--

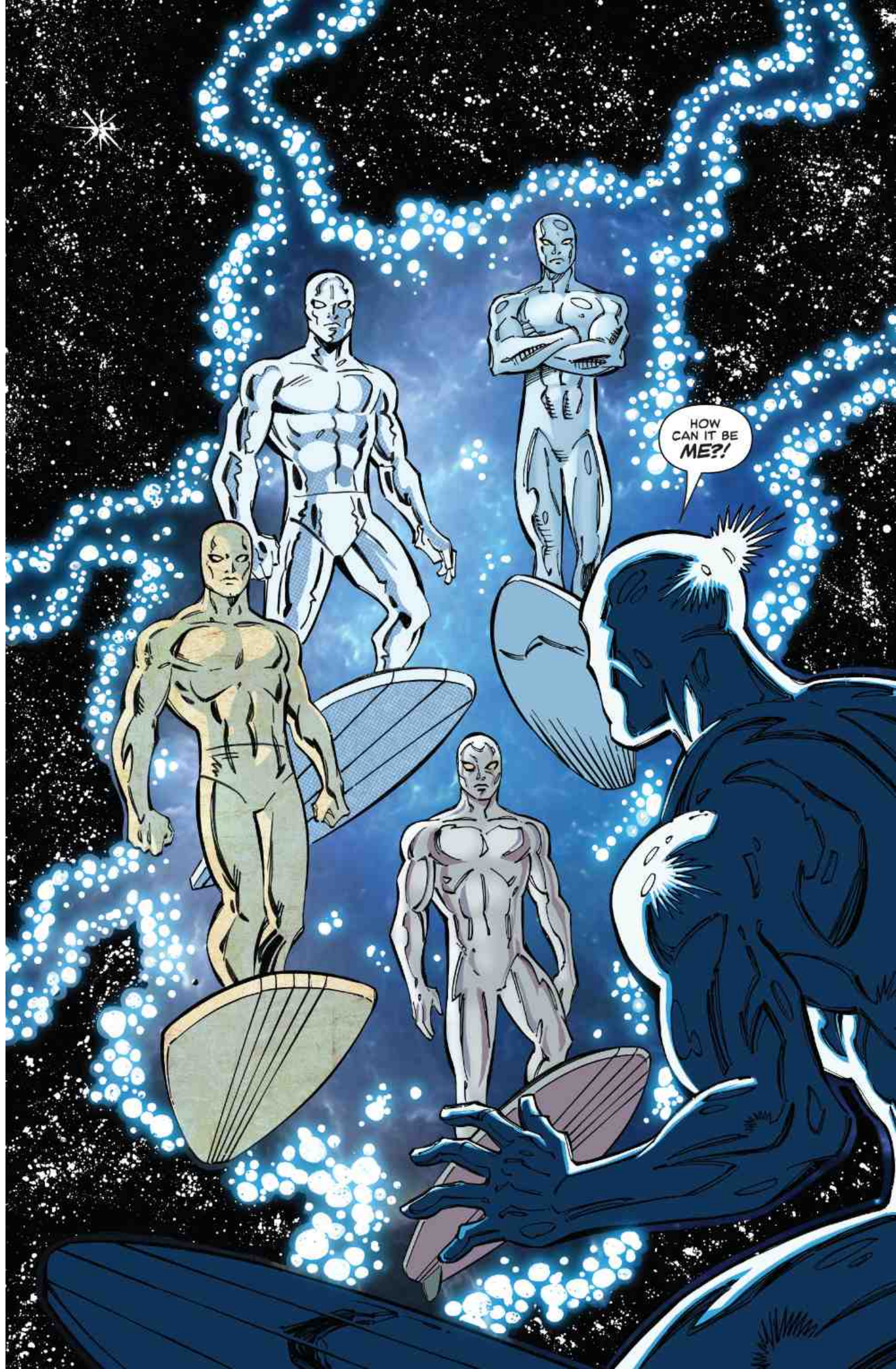




HEH.
BY
SACRIFICING TO
A GOD?

GAAAAA!

Hold
on, kid.
This ride's
bumpy.



HOW
CAN IT BE
ME?!



STILL ELSEWHERE...

DO YOU WISH THEM
DESTROYED, MY
MASTER?

IF THE
SILVER SURFER
AND THANOS NEED
TO BE ELIMINATED,
I WILL GLADLY
DO SO.

THEY ARE
LOST IN THE MYRIAD
REALITIES UNLEASHED
BY THE GEM. THERE IS
SCANT CHANCE THEY FIND
THEIR WAY BACK TO
THIS REALITY.

I AM
UNOPPOSED. THIS
UNIVERSE WILL BE
REMADE IN MY
IMAGE...



[Rel. phys. ast.]
[Alt. 2]

ARCHITECTURE OF THE ALTAR

1.

LEGION

Physical brain of *H. superior* (Ω)
David Haller.

2.

TEMPLE GATE(S)

Krakoan Superpositional
Wormhole Gates, connecting
physical space to the Altar.
(First gate: Arakko, nr Outcast
Camp; proposed second gate:
Krakoa, Transit.)

3.

QORTEX COMPLEX

Psychic archive for the
neutralization and storage of
David Haller's (theoretically)
infinite secondary personalities
and their abilities. "The
limitless mental army of a
transcendent power."

4.

THE CONGREGATION

A consensual hive mind into
which visitors to the Altar may
disperse at will. Maintained
and regulated by Sooraya Qadir
("Dust"), participants' astral
identities are rendered as
nodes in a distributed network
described by users as providing
"the bliss of belonging." If the
Altar lies halfway between
physical and astral planes, the
congregation is a step closer
to the latter.

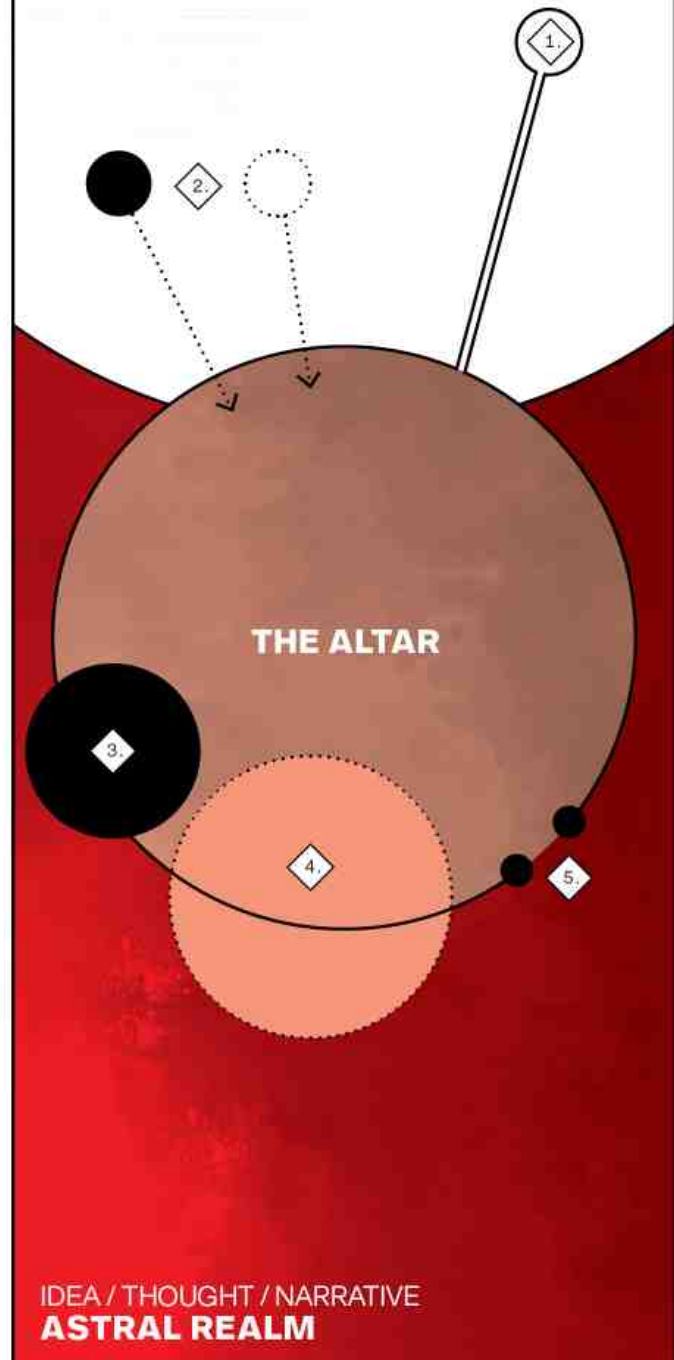
5.

THE BEACH

Access to/egress from the astral
realm; notionally rendered by
(most) visitors' perceptions as
a stretch of tropical shoreline.

PHYSICAL SPACE

MASS / ENERGY / TIME



...AND FINALLY,
TYRANT
WILL REIGN
SUPREME!



NEXT:
THE **SILVER**
SURFER 



These images...these childish expressions of chaos...I recognize them.

Zsen, w-wait... those images, from before... War and death. H-how can those be your fantasies?

Not all who are of peace are *at* peace, Nightcrawler.

I think you *know* that.

BAMF

BAMF

BAMF

There's-- sorry!--there's something *wrong* here. These visions, they feel *alive*...

As I was saying: These are the same outbreaks of *mischief* that plagued Arakko. This is the *signature* of our missing god.

Why would it obstruct Pixie? She's working a different case. It makes no sense.

I'm afraid it *does*. You were convinced the deity must have an *acolyte* on *Krakoa*, ja?

This explains why Switch is suddenly using magic. Boosting his powers, avoiding detection--even outgunning a *sorceress* like Pixie.

NEXT ISSUE:

JACK'S BACK!

SURFER AND THANOS ARE GETTING CLOSER TO RETRIEVING THE REALITY GEM... BUT NOT IF JACK OF HEARTS HAS ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT! BUT WHO...OR WHAT...IS POSSESSING JACK TO ATTACK HIS SILVER FRIEND?!



#3 COVER

RON LIM, DON HO & ISRAEL SILVA

#3 VARIANT COVERS

PAULO SIQUEIRA & RACHELLE ROSENBERG; DAVID TALASKI





Nnf B-Blindfold--these things, they're multiplying. You said they were just preoccupations...

B-because...there's no to or from in the world of the mind...

Oh, Oh, this is bad...you shouldn't have come here... It's an ecosystem... f-flesh and blood don't belong...

I-I can't teleport! Wh-wh why can't I teleport?!

yes. But...perhaps that's a form of life here. Astral scavengers...camouflaged as your fears.
OW.

GOD IS DEAD

LIAR
LIAR LIAR

YOU KNOW IT

OHHH, YOU MERELY DANCE ON HIS CORPSE

Failure

Shame

Warless

Shame!

Peacemaker

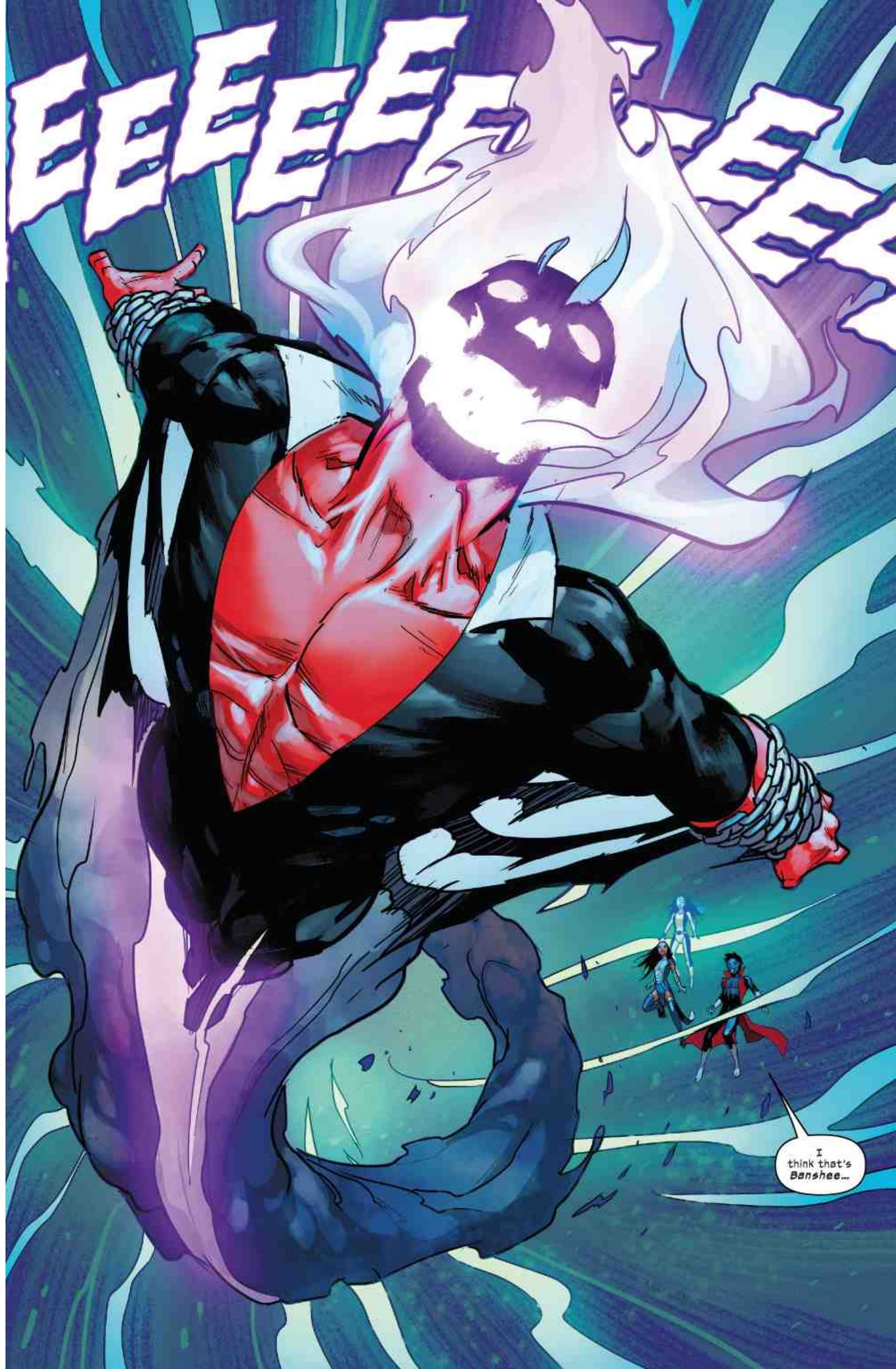
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Wh-wh-what was that? Is--is that more *native* life?

yes...no...it's...it's as if it's only *half* here...

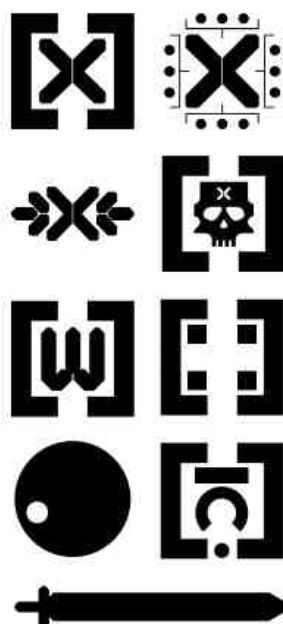
it saved you!

Mein gott. I think...



I think that's Banshee...

ic NEXT



ISSUE:

➤ Legion of X #3

Sabretooth #5

Immortal X-Men #4

Marauders #4

New Mutants #27

Wolverine #23

X-Men: Hellfire Gala #1

Knights of X #4

Gambit #1

Wild Cards: The Drawing of Cards #1

Wolverine: Patch #4

X-Men '92: House of XCII #3

